



Hereditary RIGHT Exemplified :

O R, A

LETTER, &c.



[Price Six-Pence.]

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L. E. T. R. Co.



[Price Six Pence]

HEREDITARY RIGHT 4
EXEMPLIFIED:

OR, A
LETTER
OF
CONDOLANCE

FROM
M^r. *Ed---d C---l* to his Son *H---y*, u

UPON HIS

Late DISCIPLINE at *Westminster*.

Vip Me, Vip You, Vip all de Varld Begar!

JEST BOOK. Best Edit.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. M O O R, near St. *Paul's*, 1728.

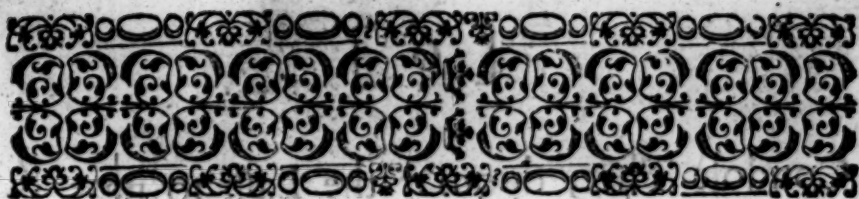
HEREDITARY RIGHT
OF

LETTER
OF
CONDOLANCE

FROM
M. Ed--4 C-- to his son H--
V. 62 His

LAST DISPOSITIONS at Westminster.
V. 62 His son H--
V. 62 His son H--

L O N D O N
Printed by A. Moore, near St. Paul's, 1748.



A

LETTER, &c.



I R'D by the laudable Example
Of Tully and Sir William Temple,

A Present, Son, to thee, I make,

And turn an Author for thy sake :

But think not, *Hal*, to hear from me

Sage Lectures of Morality;

I still abhorr'd it from my Soul,

My Business is but to condole;

Condole

Condole Thee, doom'd the Lash to bear,

Like Me, poor Boy, at *Westminster*.

And sure 'twill give some Comfort, *Hal*,

Tho the Deed done is past recall,

To see thy Sire in publick shew

Paternal sympathetick Woe:

In Elegiac Ditty moan

Disaster that was once his own.

I ake a-fresh thy Wounds to view,

My Breech and Bowels bleed anew:

None can more feelingly deplore Thee,

Thy Father, *Hal*, was born before Thee.

I little

I little thought in Perils past,
 When tost, and buffeted, and lash'd;
 When maul'd again a second time
 In Cut (no matter for the Rhyme,)

Where I appear'd engrav'd on high,
 With Legs long scrambling in the Sky;
 With Nock indecently made bare,
 Expos'd for ever to the Air :

And kneeling down in Self-defence,
 Forc'd to dissemble Penitence;
 I little thought on my Heir Male,
 The Rod descending to entail :

The Tory Rogues intended by't,
 To prove Hereditary Right;
 Nay, I suspect from what we feel,
 'Tis likewise indefeasible:
 'Tis so laid on, that sure enough,
 No Art of Man can claw it off.

Was it thy Choice, *Hal*, or thy Fate,
 Made Thee thy Father imitate?
 Wast Thou so dutifully bent,
 To follow thus my Precedent;

Through

Through Good and Bad, through Thick and
[Thin,

At Hazard of thy Blood and Skin?

Was't not enough in Print to deal;

And Copy after Copy steal?

(For should'st Thou scruple, *Hal*, at that

I'd call Thee illegitimate.)

But Thou my Footsteps must pursue,

As Agent, and as Patient too.

Instead of Authors copy me;

Strong Proof of filial Piety!

B

The

The Rogues have mark'd us on the Hip,
 As *Goodman Hodges* does his Sheep.
 And Thou and I throughout the Town,
 For black Sheep shall be always known.
 Now made notorious far and wide
 By our Posteriors scarify'd.
 When in Romances gentle Knights
 Are banish'd from their Ladies Sights,
 Nature oft marks them on the Skin
 To ensure their being found again :
 For where Enchanters ply their Wits,
 Folks need beware of Counterfeits.

[II]

To prove himself no Sham, one shows

A flaming Sword, and one a Rose;

Imprinted plain, or Stories lie,

One has an Anchor on his Thigh:

So we have on our Thighs a Brand,

Tho' not, alas, from Nature's Hand.

Thy Breech with Gashes equal scotcht,

Answers to mine like Tally notcht;

And if thy Trowzers they unfurl,

Men strait will smoke Thee for a —

Soon as the Tokens are descry'd,

Known by thy Family-Backside.

'Twas ever reckon'd Fortune bad,
 For Males to be too like their Dad ;
 Then Thou art, *Hal*, in piteous Case,
 With Father's Breech as well as Face.
 'Tis true, there may be something Good,
 Drawn out of this Similitude.
 I'll trust Thee now in any Nation,
 For should'st Thou suffer Transportation,
 While Nock hangs fast on ev'ry Coast,
 Thou'rt safe, dear *Hal*, from being lost.
 To either *Indies* should'st Thou steer,
 All Folks would read, as well as here,
 That universal Character ;

}
 And

And let the Manuscript be seen,

All strait would own it genuin,

Ye learned Criticks of our Isle,

Who find out Authors by their Stile,

Exert your Talents I petition,

And show who put out this Edition?

Who was it that the Work has done?

Who was it superscrib'd my Son?

Strong are the Lines, and bigger all,

Than *Tonson's* largest Capital:

Scarce

Scarce has been seen such Writing bold,
 E'er since the Time that *Romans* old;
 In Tablets made of Wax or Wood,
 With Iron Pens their Letters plough'd:
 Which held by them less piercing were,
 Then Birchen Twigs at *Westminster*.

When the Old Gentleman in Black,
 Is said a Covenant to make,
 With Slaves that practice magick Art,
 He marks them in some secret Part:

With

With Pain at first his Claws he lays,
 Tho' callous after is the Place.
 Ev'n so his Imps (they well may go,
 For Imps of his, that maul'd Thee so!)
 Have mark'd Thee sore against thy Will,
 With Characters indelible :
 More wicked Scrawls than those we see,
 Kept in *Queen's-College* Library :
 Yet whoſo minds them well, will ne'er
 Suspect Thee for a Conjuror.
 And if Thou wer't 'twould do no Good,
 The Knaves are ſafe by drawing Blood.

Yet

Yet still Advantage Thou may'st gain ;
 And draw some Comfort from Thy Pain ;
 Thou never need'st hereafter fear,
 Any Assault upon Thy Rear.
 Thy Buttocks are Case-harden'd now,
 Go on triumphant with thy Show.
 Thou now art qualified to print,
 Of Rods, or else the Devils in't.
 Thou might'st be timorous at first,
 But Fortune now has done her worst :
 Nor need'st Thou Publishing with-hold,
 Tho' *Pope* should rave, or *Swift* should scold.

Since

Since *Westminster* its Wrath has spent,
 Thou'rt safe, nay more, Thou'rt innocent.
 Just as on *Tweed's* remoter Side,
 The Man that's hang'd is justified:
 No more will Vengeance Thee pursue,
 The Deed that's done is not to do.
Roper or *Ridpath*, either chuse,
 When threatned hard for Party News,
 Was caution'd by a Friend, take care,
 I heard an angry Fellow swear

He'd cane You, till he left you dead,

I'm very easy on that Head :

Easy about it ! Leave your Airs,

He seldom fails of what he swears :

A punctual Man ----so pray take Warning,

He'll do it else to Morrow Morning.

I'm sure he won't---He won't, d'ye say?

No Sir---He did it yesterday.

The Printing-Trade goes well enough,

Since I and *Dunton* left it off;

And

And trust me, Thou can't never do,
 As Bookfeller and Author too;
 They're inconsistent! chuse Thee whether,
 But never aim at both together.
 If I may counsel, *Hal*, depend
 Solely for Wit upon thy Friend.
 Let that thine Author's Province be,
 For thine, 'tis only Piracy.
 Steal all comes near Thee, Bad or Good,
 Thou'lt pick a pretty Livelihood.

No matter how Thou fobb'st the Town,
 How coarse the Paper, or how brown;
 No matter tho' the wretched Stuff,
 Is not like *Lintot's* wiping Proof.
 Tho' Patience 'self it would enrage,
 To foul ones Fingers with thy Page.
 What tho' Thou rak'st in every Nook
 Of private Life, or Pocket-Book?
 Like me still careful to display,
 The Deeds of Mid-night in Mid-day?

· Let

Let Losers into Passions break,
 (As Losers may have leave to speak !)
 The Rascal swings that steals a Purse,
 A scabby Sheep, or found'red Horse;
 While he goes scotfree with his Prey,
 Who steals our Fame or Friend away:
 So let them talk, while we that win
 May laugh, tho' not in a whole Skin.
 What Folks may prate, is only Sport,
 Whether 'tis in or out of Court:

Nay,

Nay, no great Damage would be done us,
 If Sentence should be past upon us:
 So that by Tricks or Resolution,
 We can but stave off Execution.
 But Execution seems to Me,
 A monstrous Breach of Property.
 Especially for Lads to draw us
 To *Westminster*, and clapper-claw us.
 Some Statute sure the Case must reach,
 If ev'ry Jack-a-napes may fetch

Whip,

Whip, in a trice, ones Breeches down ;

A Man can't call his Tail his own !

We Pirates many Times e'er now,

Have been afraid our Heads to show :

And if this Tyranny prevails,

We dare as little show our Tails.

I charge Thee on my Blessing, *Hal*,

Come not near *Westminster* at all ;

And

And sure Thou'lt grant Me this Desire,
 A Child once burnt should dread the Fire.
 If now Thou should'ft be spoil'd, 'twere hard,
 Because the Rod has not been spar'd:
 With Earnestness I must enlarge,
 This serious and important Charge;
 If e'er Thou hop'ft again to vent,
 A Man's Last Will and Testament;
 If e'er Thou hop'ft the Pence to see,
 From long black Strokes and Blasphemy;

If e'er Thou hop'st to 'scape with Ears,
 From House of Commons, or of Peers;
 Never, ah never, Boy, come near
 That fatal flogging *Westminster* :
 I charge Thee to continue still,
 By Word of Mouth, or written Will;
 The same Command I lay on Thee
 To all thy future Progeny.
 Whom if Thou should'st neglect to warn,
 The Babes may rue that are unborn;

And as their Daddy did before 'em,
 May suffer by the Use *Flagrorum*.
 If we from Father down to Son,
 Are whipp'd for Generations on,
 A C——'s Backside can ne'er have Peace,
 That stirs within the Liberties;
 And what at first was thought a Crime,
 Will mellow into Right by Time:
 The Knaves, at length, in open Court,
 Will boldly plead Prescription for't;

Tho'

Tho' in one Sense it hardly can,
Exceed the Memory of Man.

If in thine own Conceit too wise,
Thou scorn'st my fatherly Advice,
May'st Thou ne'er print a single Sheet,
But what its due Desert may meet !
May Business for the Lawyers make,
Or bring some B——p on thy Back !
Or Boys whom we far worse have known,
Than all the B ——ps in the Town :

Whose cruel Hands have drawn more Blood,
 Than e'er my Namesake *Bonner* could.

Whose little Fingers heavier be,
 Than the whole Loins of Prelacy.

Whose Arms more dreadfully might scare ye,
 Than even *Brachium Sæculare*.

And when the Rogues have laid it on,
 And stripp'd Thee to the sacred Bone;
 'Till *Pope* might weep thy Wounds to see,
 And *Sappho* self might pity Thee :

May'st

May'st Thou unable be to find,
 To close thy Breaches up behind,
 The Surgeon who my Lashes drest,
 Whose Hand is safe——*Probatum est.*

Lastly, to finish all Thy Woes,
 May'st Thou ne'er publish Verse or Prose,
 But what prefixt, the Name shall bear,
 Of E——d C——l, late Bookseller.

F I N I S.

May's Thou unable be to find,

To close thy Branches up behind,

The Surgeon who my Lanes did,

Whole Hand is late — Probation off.

Lately ~~with~~ all Thy Woes,

May's Thou not publish Vene or Prose,

But what picture the Name shall bear,

Of E — — — A late Bookeller.

F. J. W. I. S.